

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

{ **PRICE 4d.**
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—The new grand French Quadrille.—**MISS JULIANA MAY.**—**MAD. ELISA POMA**, Prima Donna from the principal Theatres in Italy, will shortly appear (her first appearance in England).—Third appearance this season of **MISS ARABELLA GODDARD**.—Programme for **MONDAY, December 1st, 1856.**—Part I. Overture—"Freischütz," Weber (first time this season). Quadrille—From M. Jullien's opera "Pietro il Grand." Jullien. Symphony—Allegretto from the "Scottish Symphony," Mendelssohn. Air—Signor Millard. Polka—"My Mary Ann" (nineteenth time), Jullien. Fantasia—Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Vars. vienne—"The Warsaw," Jullien (seventh time this season). Grand Aria—Miss Juliana May. The French Quadrille, Jullien (twentieth time of performance), with Variations by M.M. De Folly, De Yang, Collinet, Lavigne, Sonnenberg, and Kœnig. Finales—"Partant pour la Syrie," "Vive l'Empereur."
 Part II. Opera—Grand Operatic Selection from Verdi's Opera **IL TROVATORE**, with Solos by Herr Kœnig, M. Lavigne, and Mr. Hughes. Fantasia—Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Polka—"Minnie Polka," Jullien (first time of performance). Air—Miss Juliana May. Valse—"Georgette," D'Albert. Air—Signor Millard. Polka—"Chatterbox," Kœnig. Galop—"Etna," D'Albert.
 To commence at Eight o'clock; an interval of twenty-five minutes between the parts.
 Prices of Admission:—Promenade, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s.; Gallery, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d.; £1 1s. and upwards. Private Boxes to be secured of Mr. Nugent, at the Box-Office of the Theatre; at all the principal Libraries and Music Sellers; and at Jullien and Co's, 214, Regent-street.

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ORGAN.

We continue our review of the little controversy at Leeds relative to the advisability of professional intervention in the design for the Town Hall Organ.

To take the easiest part of our work first:—having taxed the *Leeds Times* with dealing almost entirely in assertions easily susceptible of disproof, we proceed to make out our case. The following sentences, then:—

"We have already numerous and sufficient examples of the style of instrument we require in the noble organs of the Panopticon, York Cathedral, and in those placed in the halls of Birmingham and Liverpool. It would be absurd to suppose that the builders who were competent to supply the world-famed instruments we have indicated, were not equally competent to put forward specifications for our Town Hall Organ without the intervention of any professor whatever. Professors of music cannot have that intimate acquaintance with the interior mechanism and requirements of an organ which the builders themselves possess. Ask half-a-dozen organists in Yorkshire their ideas of an organ, and of the capacity requisite for a given locality, and you will find them all differ in opinion."

and, further on:—

"Feeling strongly that such a step as giving a commission would open the door to useless expenditure of public money—to the frivolous or fantastic experiments of theorists—that we have already examples of first-rate instruments in existence—that mere players can know but little of the requirements of such an instrument as we are contemplating placing in the new Town Hall," &c., &c.

contain a string of assertions, which, in fact, involve another assertion, namely—that professors do not know enough about organ-building to be intrusted with designing a large organ, and that organ-builders will get on better without them. To all this, in the first place, we do not scruple to oppose a third assertion (only we shall by and bye endeavour to prove it)—namely, that the entire history of the instrument shows that there are two classes of men, distinct from organ-builders—*professed organists, and constructive amateurs, being, at the same time, skilful mechanicians—to whom the organ is indebted for nearly every feature that is recognized in its present state of development.* Having thus, then, put our plea on the record as to what may be termed "the general issue," we come, next, to a few necessary particulars. The very first sentence above quoted is, certainly, a most unfortunate shot on the part of the *Times*' essayist. He selects as "sufficient examples" of what the Leeds organ should be, the instruments at the Panopticon, York Minster, and the halls of Birmingham and Liverpool. Now, if, just for argument's sake, we concede to the writer all that he primarily contends for—viz., that these instruments are all-sufficient models for anything that may be intended at Leeds—he is manifestly ensnared in his own toils—he is the "engineer hoist by his own petard;" since three out of the four were designed and superintended by professors! Were our object a mere victory of words, we might well rest satisfied with such odds as three to one in our favour, and so let this part of the matter drop here. We seek, however, an honest establishment of our position; and therefore, for the nonce, waive all this advantage by expressly declaring that no one of the instruments the *Times* selects for admiration is really a pattern for imitation in the Leeds Town Hall. The success of the Liverpool organ is still a much debated and debateable question; while the failure of those at York and Birmingham is extraordinary and notorious. No one can more heartily admire, than we do, the many and great beauties of the Panopticon organ; still, we cannot admit it to be, either in dimensions or completeness, the model instrument for the Leeds Hall. Very sure are we that its eminent builders would not permit it to go there if an opportunity remained for improving it. With reference to York and Birmingham, it is necessary to state that both these organs were constructed at a period when neither professors nor builders knew anything, practically, of really large work. Science had not here, then, been admitted to even the narrowest bearing on the subject, and the old-fashioned prejudices of the time were of too self-satisfactory a character to be at all shaken by the few stray lights let in by wandering organ-hunters on the continent. It is not, therefore, very surprising that the organist of York

Minster should have obstinately insisted on a totally wrong starting point for both the manuals and pedals of his new instrument, and committed a host of similar absurdities which, with "additions and improvements" in later times, have rendered the York organ the most cumbersome, uncouth, and graceless piece of musical furniture extant. It is, however, wonderful that the Chevalier Neukomm, who, a German, must have known how grand organs were made in his own land, could have borne so large a share as he did in the repetition, at Birmingham, of the prominent blunders committed at York. The failure at Birmingham was so manifest that, a few years afterwards, great efforts were made to surmount it by extensive alterations. Unfortunately, the only efficient remedy—i.e., total reconstruction, was not undertaken, and, though much improved, the organ, despite many isolated beauties, remains a very unsatisfactory affair. In both these cases we admit—and let the *Times* make the most of it—that the professors were far more to blame than the builders. But this period of general ignorance has long passed away. Very few professors would now be found willing to commit themselves to such preposterous designs as those just spoken of, and still fewer builders, we hope, would be exposed to the injustice then suffered by Messrs. Elliott and Hill in being obliged to execute them.

The paragraph commencing: "Professors of music cannot have that intimate acquaintance," etc., is just one of those random assertions which can never be admitted into the field of argument. That the weight of evidence is on the other side, we hope to show before the conclusion of this paper. The following sentence about the "organists in Yorkshire" is a simple begging of the question, and not a very complimentary one either, to the professional neighbours of the *Times*. The point at issue has nothing to do with this or that particular county or district. Were the allegation against the "organists in Yorkshire" strictly true—which we sincerely do not believe—the *Times* would not have established a fact of the slightest value in its favour. Yorkshire, important though it be, is not the whole of England, neither do its organists necessarily represent the totality of professional intelligence. We have good reason to think the assertion (for such, in fact, it is) that not half-a-dozen professors in Yorkshire are competent to offer an opinion about a large organ, to be most unfounded; and yet, were it entirely substantiated, not one single step would be gained thereby towards proving professional unworthiness in the abstract. The answer to the assertion that "mere players can know but little of the requirements," etc., is so obvious as to be scarcely worth printing. Players, we imagine, are precisely the people to know best what are the "requirements" of the instruments they play on. Whether they know best how to obtain these "requirements" is another question. By "mere players," must, of course, be signified people who can do nothing else than play, and of these we willingly make the *Times* a present. But that there nearly always have been, and still are, players who understand the mechanical structure of their instruments sufficiently well to know, not only what they require, but also how to obtain it, is a fact which can only be doubted by those who are entirely ignorant of the history of musical instruments. The oddest paragraph in the whole article is that which recommends that the builders' plans, to be prepared without any professional assistance, should be submitted, when complete, to the judgment of four professional men—Dr. Camidge, and Messrs. Chipp, Stimpson, and Best. It is odd on account of the professors selected, since three out of four have never, to our knowledge, made any pretence of accurate knowledge of organ-structure, while the doings of the fourth at York Minster ought, certainly, to put his claims of this nature satisfactorily at rest. But it is still more odd as a matter of principle, since it here insists on that very system of professional intervention between the builders and their employers, which the whole article has evidently been manufactured for the purpose of condemning!

We have already said that the strong and, indeed, so far as it goes, invincible, line of argument, is that adopted by the *Mercury*. Its position—to use its own words—that—

"Advancing executive dexterity in the player has uniformly created

wants which the then condition of his instrument could not supply, and thus the art of performing has continued in perpetual action on the art of construction. It may safely be affirmed, in short, that the skill of the player has invariably preceded and stimulated that of the manufacturer."

is unquestionably true, and the illustration offered in the progress of the pianoforte as unquestionably appropriate. Had the *Mercury*, however, chosen to go somewhat more deeply into the matter, it might easily have shewn that there is scarcely an instrument of any description of which the present improved condition is not greatly more due to players than to manufacturers. That single innovation, for instance, which converted the old military trumpet into the present elegant orchestral and solo instrument—the chromatic slide—was the work of Norton, a celebrated player of the last generation. The whole tribe of wood wind-instruments have been successively ameliorated in intonation and mechanical facility almost entirely by the inventive skill of performers. The various kinds of flutes, for example—the Boehm, the Clinton, the Siccama, and several others—are directly the work of professors, and display not only an intimate knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome, but often considerable mechanical skill in the choice of means for the purpose. More than any other instrument, however, is the organ indebted, for its present advanced condition, to persons not engaged in the business of its manufacture. We might, indeed, fill many columns with examples in proof of this statement; but a few must, at present, suffice. Who, then, invented that mechanical arrangement which, under the title of the "simplification system," is now winning so much favour with our provincial builders? The Abbé Vogler, a professed musician and amateur mechanist. Who originated that novel method of "voicing," of which, we understand, the organ at the Leeds parish church does now, or shortly will, exhibit such a wonderful specimen? M. Toepfer, a professor at a German university. The "inverted rib" principle, applied to equalise the air-pressure during all positions of the bellows—an invention the beautiful simplicity and efficacy of which has never been approached by any other means—was the production of one Cummings, by trade a working clock-maker. The pneumatic lever, an apparatus which may be said to have revolutionised the structure of the organ, is unquestionably due to Mr. Barker, who, though he has since become a professed organ-builder, was, we believe, formerly a medical student, and certainly, at the period of his celebrated invention, was merely an amateur *organier*. The introduction into England of the German compass for both manuals and pedals, by which the organ at once exchanged its old anomalous condition for the essential germ of its present symmetrical form, was the work of professors. The adoption, here, of the pneumatic lever and of the system of "equal temperament," was, again, the work of professors; and the same may be said of the Toepfer style of voicing before mentioned, and of the various French novelties of tone and mechanism which are fast finding their way into use. In fact, it may be safely affirmed that for one improvement introduced wholly by organ-builders, at least three may be quoted as originating with persons unconnected with the business. And this is, really, not different to what might have been surmised. The history of all manufactures shows them to be eminently conservative in character. Permanency of type is a powerful element in manufacturing success; and the makers of all machines, therefore, have invariably been unwilling to admit improvements until the necessity has been forced on them by the demands of their customers.

Again, the literature of the organ is another case in point. Out of twenty authoritative treatises on the subject that might be quoted, there are not three, perhaps, in which organ-builders had any share. The oldest and most complete practical treatise extant is that of Dom Bedos, a Benedictine monk, and who, though probably largely mixed up in the making of organs at his time, was certainly not an organ-builder by calling: while the most scientific works on the subject in modern times are, beyond all doubt, those of M. Toepfer, before mentioned, and M. Hamel, a French *avocat*. The only modern English book of

the kind, is that of Messrs. Hopkins and Rimbault, which, though rather a *resumé* of the ordinary methods of practice, than a treatise pretending to any accurate theoretical research, is still the work of two musical professors.

The sneers at "theorists" and "experimentalists," which occur more than once in the *Times* article, come with an exceedingly ill grace from a journal established in one of the great *foci* of our manufacturing industry. Most certain is it that a person entrusted with the design of a large work should previously have carried his own researches so far as not to need experiments at the cost of his employers; but to slight—as does the *Times*—the value of theory and experiments, is simply to ignore the entire history of mechanical progress.

The position taken by the *Times*, if enlarged to its legitimate consequences, in reality stands thus: "That no man can benefit or improve any article or machine who is not directly engaged in its manufacture;" and this is contradicted on nearly every page of manufacturing history. The first great invention in mechanical cotton-spinning is due to Arkwright, a barber in Preston; and the next and most important step on the same road—"the mule"—was the work of Crompton, who was certainly not a machine-maker. The steam-engine, itself, affords a whole chain of facts in our favour. Beginning with a nobleman and amateur mechanist—the Marquis of Worcester—who invented and made the first water-raising steam-engine, we come next to two men who converted this mere water-raising machine into a real motive-power engine—these were Newcomen and Cawley, the one a blacksmith and the other a glazier. Next on the list stands a regularly educated engineer—Smeaton; but, strangely enough, while doing as much, perhaps, as an accurate and technical mind could in improving the proportions of the existing machine, he did not one jot in the way of invention for its real progress. While, last and greatest, stands the giant James Watt, who, at the period of his great discovery which revolutionized the whole machine, and made it, in fact, what it is now, was simply a philosophical instrument-maker in Glasgow; and who, nearly all through his subsequent life, as all the world now knows, was opposed and sneered at by people who called themselves "professional engineers!"

In parting, let us remind the Leeds *Times*, that in doing us the favour to conclude its article by a quotation from the *Musical World* as an authority on organ matters, it is dealing somewhat of a heavy blow to its own arguments. The *Times* can scarcely be unaware that this department of our paper is conducted by professors of music and not by organ-builders.

YORK—(From a Correspondent.)—The Choral Society of this city gave their first concert for the season on Wednesday evening. There was a large audience, who seemed to appreciate the efforts of the performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitham, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lambert. The first part consisted of an organ solo played by Mr. Shaw, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The second part opened with the overture to *Il Turco in Italia*, by Rossini, and was followed by the aria, "In si barbara," sung by Miss Newbound. The madrigal, "Oh, who will o'er the downs," was effectively given, as was "Softly sighs the voice of evening," by Miss Whitham. "The happiest land," by Balfé, was well sung by Mr. Lambert. The glee "Blow gentle gales," by Bishop, would have been more effective had there been a more efficient second tenor. The concert was brought to a close by the band playing "God save the queen." Mr. Allen was leader, and Mr. Hopkinson conductor.

PARIS CLAQUEURS.—Madame Ristori relates quite openly in conversation, that she received in Paris a bill of 800f. from the chief of the *claque*, which she felt herself obliged to pay, as she had to come again before the public. When, in 1844, a certain Auguste, chief of this establishment, died, his book of receipts proved that he had received from Nourrit annually 2,000f., from Mlle. Taglioni monthly 300f., from Fanny Elssler, for the first performance, 500f., for the second 300f., and for each of the following performances 100f.—*Canard*.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.*

(From *La France Musicale*.)

(Concluded from p. 740.)

In the midst of these campaigns, full of well-disputed combats, but brilliant, and, taken all in all, successful, Verdi increased in grandeur and power. There still remained, however, many enemies for him to overcome; I do not allude to those among the scattered but chosen body of obstinate pedants or jealous rivals—for these brave individuals die without surrendering. I allude to whole populations assembled in the Italian capitals.

We know that the principal obstacle to the unity of Italy is the hegemony claimed by each city in that divided country. Naples says: "I am the greatest and most populous." Turin exclaims: "I am the first in the path of freedom." Milan murmurs: "I possess the iron crown of the ancient kings." Florence hums, in choice Italian: "I am Athens;" while Rome replies, "I am Rome," and they are all right.

But what each of these cities claims in politics, it claims, also, in art, and this is a great evil. Thus Naples, under the singular pretext that one of its inhabitants, named Scarlatti, and born in 1650, invented modern music, and that, as pre-eminently the musical city, she had, since then, produced excellent masters, such as Durante, the regulator of the study of counterpoint; Leonardo Vinci, not the painter but the melodist; Cimarosa, Paisiello, and a thousand others up to Mercadante, who at present directs her Conservatory—Naples asserted that Verdi, who was born in Parma and had hitherto written only for Milan and Rome, was nothing but a mere revolutionist, without regard for law or gospel. Now the Neapolitans possess a vote in musical conclaves, and so the *maestro* determined to conciliate them, and wrote for their benefit, in a short space of time, *Alzire*, the most unfortunate one that ever appeared on the stage.

Verdi revenged himself, in the fashion of conquerors, by fresh triumphs. *Alzire* failed at Naples in 1845, and *Attila* was lauded to the skies in 1846. The latter is an unequal work, written during illness, but captivating, spirited, and full of those broken rhythms which people like so much when they like them at all. At last, in 1847, the master boldly grappled with Shakspeare, and that, too, in one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, namely, *Macbeth*. This was one of those struggles in which it is glorious to engage. The assailant is invariably conquered, but he becomes twice as strong as before. We may say of *Macbeth* what a Frenchman has said of another personage, no less dramatic:

"Il n'est pas de poète
Qui ne l'ait soulevé dans son cœur et sa tête,
Et, pour l'avoir tenté, ne soit resté plus grand."

At certain moments, and by fits and starts, the musician rises, in this work, to a level with the poet. (!) There was an instant that I fancied he was going to surpass him. (!!) But Shakspeare has distances and depths into which no one can follow him.

However this may be, the opera of *Macbeth* was a daring but perfectly successful attempt. It was first produced at Florence, and Verdi was called on more than thirty times at each of the first three representations. Excited crowds escorted him when he left the theatre; and the people of Florence—a people of nobles—presented him with a gold laurel wreath, intertwined with a ribbon, on which were inscribed all the titles, even then numerous, of the young *maestro's* operas. This national offering was conceived, carried out, and paid for, in two days. Verdi was only thirty-three years old.

The curse of composers are the writers of the librettos,—just as the curse of the writers of the librettos are the composers. The subjection, and almost fatal annihilation of one art by the other in those productions, where the above personages would work in concert, had made me despair of the possibility of any alliance between music and poetry—at least, as far as the drama was concerned. I had concluded from this that the stage ought to be closed against musicians. I went too far, I confess. The drama is found in all the arts; in the group of Laocoon, and

the pictures of Delacroix, as well as in the tragedies of Sophocles and Shakspeare. Only in order that operas should be perfect productions, collaboration, which, I believe, is the ruin of the modern theatre, should be abolished. The musician of the present day ought to be a poet, as the poet of former times used to be a musician.—(Wagner in Paris.—Ed. M. W.)

I confess that, for my own part, (and many more competent men than myself share my opinion) all my esthetical feelings are shocked and frozen in the midst of my most fervent admiration, when, while listening to some adorable piece of music, I suddenly get a glass of water, like the following Alexandrine, dashed into my ear:—

"Tes jours sont menacés, rien ne peut t'y soustraire."

Now Verdi has had wretched librettos, from the *Lombardi* down to the present day. Disheartened at being continually disappointed by the writers of his librettos, the *maestro*, as I have said, went to Shakspeare for a subject, and had *Macbeth* translated, scene for scene, and almost word for word. Alas! even in this servile and literal translation, the poetical workman succeeded in introducing verses like the following:—

"Spesso l'empio spirito d'inferno
Parla, e c'inganna, veraci detti,"

which signifies in English that the Devil tells us truths when he tells us lies. On hearing pretty things of this kind, the Italians, who understand their own language, used to burst out into a Homeric fit of laughter, while Verdi, who, with a year's practice, would have written verses better than any one;—Verdi, who is a man capable of conceiving immense dramas; who knows by heart the English and German writers, the real modern classics as far as the stage is concerned, and who invents new prosodical measures, in a manner to disconcert Rückert and the most daring innovators (!!!) Verdi has spent all his life in looking for some one exercising the business of poetry!

When I say that he would have written verses better than anyone else, I invent nothing. I have before me a letter from him, in which I find this passage:—

"I should like two strophes of six verses, such, for instance, as (laugh at me):—

"Stride la vampa, la folla, indomita
Urli di gioia al cielo innalza.
Cinti di sgherri giunge la vittoria
Bianco vestita, discinta e scalza."

The poet laughed at him so little, that he introduced all these verses in the two strophes required.

Verdi, however, like all musicians, does not care so much for the words; it is the drama about which he is most particular: "I want new subjects," he writes confidentially, "grand, fine, varied, bold subjects—bold to the last degree—with new, and, at the same time, musical forms, etc., etc. When a person says to me: 'I have done this because Romani, Cammarano, etc. have done so,' we no longer agree. It is precisely because these great men have done so, that I should like to see people do something else." Thus does he sweep away all routine with a single stroke of the pen.

And this is Verdi's ruling characteristic: thorough, daring innovation. He does not think it indispensable to add a frisky tail to a languishing air, ushered in by a piece of recitative in livery. He has even risked having for a finale, instead of the immovable quintet or sextet, a simple recitative; he has carried his temerity so far as to write an entire opera without reserving a part for the tenor; and I think him even capable of suppressing waltz and tarentella music in pathetic moments. Some have greatly praised, while others blame him for this; as for myself, I say nothing, not being a musical critic. I will merely repeat the remark made by a Parisian composer, a very competent judge, whose opinion is sought by the papers, in which, indeed, he writes very pleasing articles. "What do you think of *Il Trovatore*?" I asked, as we were coming out of the Salle Ventadour. "Well, really I do not know," he replied, "whether Verdi is a revolutionist or a reformer; at any rate, his music is not like that of everyone."—(Gustave Héquet.)

Those who do not like him, reproach him with sometimes plundering others; with frequently repeating himself; with

* From the point of view, be it understood, of *La France Musicale*.—Ed. M. W.

abusing certain effects after which he strives exclusively; with supplying by extravagant rhythms the wanting melody; with materialising everything, including even fancy itself; with drowning the voices of the singers by the uproar in the orchestra; with attracting attention to the secondary parts, such, for instance, as the choruses (!) and thus diverting it from the cavatinas, duets, etc.; with being, in reality, simply a violent anarchist, as the revolution in music was effected before his time; with spoiling the public by the employment of extreme means, and, in spite of this lavish use of resources, with not obtaining the simple victories simply obtained by the kings whom he wishes to dethrone.

Those who like him are thankful to him for taking his beauties where he can find them; for repeating, when he likes, certain of his own phrases which we like; for striving after effect which he always obtains; for possessing fertility of imagination; for finding new melodies in the palpitations of the rhythm and not in the evolution of sounds alone; for remaining human, even in his fantastic wanderings; for smothering, when necessary, by skilful orchestration, and as if by a deluge of thought, the frequently insufficient expression of the words and voice; for composing concerted pieces and choruses worthy of Germany (!) for making his operas regular works and not simply albums of fragments, bound together in a slipshod kind of manner; for still finding reforms to be accomplished after the revolution has been effected; for raising his public by multiplying their wants; and, lastly, for satisfying these multiplied wants by employing all his strength.

I repeat, once more, I make no pretension to the character of a biographer. Taking up Verdi's life where my *cicerone*, M. Henri Montazio left off (he wrote in 1847) I spring from *Macbeth* to the *Masnadieri*, played for the first time at London, in the summer of the above year, by Jenny Lind, Gardoni, Coletti, and Lablache. Italy welcomed this opera still more heartily than the *dilettanti* on the other side the Channel.* After this, France felt a wish to make the acquaintance of the new *maestro*, and Gustave Vaûz and Royer translated for him *I Lombardi* and christened it *Jérusalem*. This also took place in 1847, during the autumn.

The revolution in Italy now broke out; this brings us down to the autumn of 1848.

It was at this period that *Il Corsaro*, a solemn failure, was produced at Trieste. "It is not a happy inspiration," the *maestro* wrote. The publisher Lucca, of Milan, had purchased the opera beforehand, and furnished the *libretto*, as is the custom in Italy. The music-sellers there buy a score and let it out to the theatres. They frequently order it, as they would a coat. The association of dramatic authors and composers is still unknown among the Italians; hence a far less degree of liberty for the masters. Verdi was not contented with the *libretto*, but Lucca insisted on having his music. He did so at the expiration of a month, and lost 24,000 francs.

Others, on the contrary, were more fortunate. Verdi's ordinary publishers, both in Italy and France, have, as we know, made large profits out of his works.

After *Il Corsaro* came *La Battaglia de Legnano*, produced at Rome. The political tone of the poem caused the opera to be interdicted; but the music will re-appear some day or other, adapted to a more inoffensive text, which is now being arranged by a poet of talent, M. Leone-Emmanuele Bardare. If there is no cabal, the work will be lovingly listened to, for we know that cabal and love have been in a permanent state of hostility for six thousand years. Schiller has written a charming comedy on the subject. On this comedy Cammerano constructed a poem, which he called *Luisa Miller*, and, on the poem, Verdi constructed an opera, played at Naples, in 1849, with a success which has, since then, gone on increasing in every theatre in the world. This was followed by *Stiffelio*, at Trieste, in 1850, and by *Rigoletto*, at Venice, in 1851.

Rigoletto is the opera which Verdi looks upon as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and competent judges say it is really fine. It contains

a scene of vengeance capable of exciting whole nations, a tempest which alarms you, and a quartet which cured me of the prejudice that music is powerless in distinguishing various characters; it is a contrast between two duets, each of which, taken separately, is a dispute: fancy a struggle between two duels. In *Rigoletto*, too, we meet with the song which has become as popular as *Marlborough*:

"La donna è mobile."

Rigoletto is nothing more or less than Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*. The poet and the musician will always meet. Those who like the one must like the other, and if I did not wish to preserve my humble character of a biographer, I would say that Verdi might be regarded as a musical Hugo. There are the same defects in the two men; the same excellencies, the same power, love of effect, colour, contrast, shocks and outbursts; the same symmetry in disorder, intentional inequality, singular mixture of violence and tenderness, and genius, floating incessantly above and below mankind, but still human in its force and in its gentleness. Verdi has never disguised his predilection for our poet. "In nearly all French dramas," he writes to his friend, "we perceive the effort made to obtain success. Ever since the powerful effects produced by Victor Hugo's dramas, every one has sought similar results, without remarking, to my way of thinking, that in Victor Hugo there are always an object, and powerful, passionate, but, above all, original characters. Observe what characters Silva, Marie Tudor, Borgia, Marion, Triboulet, François, etc., are. Great characters produce great situations, and the effect follows of its own accord."

After *Rigoletto* two operas followed in quick succession. At Rome, during the Carnival of 1853, Verdi threw the public that chaplet of jet and pearls entitled *Il Trovatore*; he then got into the diligence and extemporised upon the road *La Traviata*, to enliven the Lent of the Gondoliers. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, represented at Paris, during the period of the Great French Exhibition, came next, and will be followed shortly by *King Lear*, for the possession of which France, England,* and Italy are already contending: twenty-one operas in seventeen years!

Of *King Lear* I have nothing to say, except that the subject is splendid, and that the management of the Opera-house at Naples has offered the *maestro* 6,000 ducats for the privilege of representing it first, leaving him his property in the work for every other country. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* On the *Vêpres* and *Il Trovatore* I can add nothing to the exclamations, not yet calmed down, of the Parisian press: *mutatus quantum ab illa!* These two works reign at present in all the theatres of that half of Europe which includes and condenses the world between Paris and Vienna, London and Naples, Berlin and Madrid. "*Il Trovatore* did not go badly," writes Verdi from Rome, on leaving the theatre; while on the *Vêpres*, in the midst of his triumph, he scribbled the phrase: "Five hours of music! Out!"

But I beg permission to dwell for an instant upon *La Traviata*, which is yet less familiar than his other works to our Franco-Italian pit. You know *La Dame aux Camélias*, by Alexander Dumas, junior. Whatever people may think of the subject, they cannot deny that the comedy possesses a great deal of sentiment and nature. Well, increase this sentiment until it becomes passion, and this nature until it becomes human truth; note down the happy observations, and make of them, if I may so express myself, sparkling melodies, broken off here and there; light up and scatter, in warm sweeping blasts, an ardent, immense, and haughty love (I am quoting the poem), a love, the soul of the world and of the drama, bursting out in fits of passion, dreaming in dreams, flowing, like an inundation (I cannot express myself better) from the stage into the orchestra, when it becomes extra-human, and song is no longer sufficient for it, and then returning to the stage to die—do this, and you will have Verdi's *Traviata*, the most charming, to my mind, of his creations.

"But," Alceste will, no doubt, object, "What can an opera be worth, when it was knocked together in a fortnight?" To which

* The *Masnadieri*, in spite of Jenny Lind, was a complete *fiasco* in London.—ED. M. W.

* England, "not by no means."—ED. M. W.

Philinte will very sensibly reply: "The time has nothing to do with the matter."

Shall I now tell you that Verdi is an artist in his actions as well as in his works? Yes, I will do so, for it is never useless to exhibit great minds. The musician can love, and his friends adore him. His poet, Piave, tended him during a long illness, with more than brotherly love. Verdi possesses as much modesty as pride, for these two virtues go hand-in-hand, just like the opposite vices, servility and vanity. Do you recollect those courtiers described by La Bruyère, who would be slaves in one place in order to gain sufficient strength for domineering elsewhere? or those painted by Voltaire, who

"Vont en poste à Versaille essayer des mépris,
Qu'ils reviennent soudain rendre en poste à Paris?"

But Verdi neither puts himself forward nor crawls on the ground. He never makes a step to gain a friend, nor ever does the slightest thing to avoid an enemy; he says so openly in one of his letters. The Neapolitan, P. A. Fiorentino, thinking to launch an epigram against the composer of *Il Trovatore*, said:—"Meyerbeer himself comes to recommend his works to my care, while Verdi has never deigned to send me even a line."

If, therefore, the maestro is an officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of St. Maurice and Lazarus, he owes it only to his talent, and does not boast of his chivalry. On going to pay my respects to him at Paris, after *Les Vêpres*, I found him in a simple room* at an hotel—the Hôtel Violet—very well known to commercial travellers. I saw a man with a sunken face, pressed down, as it were, by suffering and work; with brown or chestnut hair; blue eyes, clear and wandering; a mouth without a smile; and an air of carelessness and resolution, at the same time. He talked to me, in an Italian of the north of Italy, about drama and prosody, for more than an hour in his room, and for half-an-hour at the door, as if I were somebody, and he were no one. I left full of thoughts.

I saw him afterwards at the Théâtre-Italien, one evening that they were playing *Otello*, between the acts, not in the midst of the foyer, where great luminaries generally station themselves, well surrounded by their planets, who, in their turn, are accompanied by their satellites, but alone, removed from everyone, and immersed in his reflections. I spoke to him about Rossini, and he answered me with Shakspeare. He never misses a representation of *Il Barbieri*, or any *chef-d'œuvre* of this description.

* Gracious heavens! Verdi in a "simple room." Impossible!—
Ed. M. W.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES gave her first concert, since her return from America, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday evening week. She was assisted in the vocal department by Madlle. Corelli, Mr. Charles Braham, and Sig. F. Lablache; and in the instrumental, by MM. Osborne and Paque, and Herr Paque. Miss Hayes sang, "Come per me sereno," "Ah! mon fils," and "The harp that once." The Irish song pleased most. Mr. Charles Braham appears to have made quite a sensation in his father's song, "Never despair." The gem of the instrumental performance was the duet from *Guillaume Tell*, by Messrs. Osborne and Ernst, on piano and violin.

MR. ANGUS B. REACH.—This gentleman, whose literary exertions were prematurely terminated about two years since, by paralytic affection, expired at his residence at Denmark-hill on Tuesday last. He had not quite completed his 35th year. Mr. Angus Reach's amiable qualities, no less than his intellect, had endeared him to a large circle of friends, and we had occasion to record that the most successful of amateur theatrical performances was given for his benefit. Later Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the gift of £100. He leaves a widow, but was childless, and his remains will be deposited in the cemetery at Norwood.—*Times*.

ELBERFIELD.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem*, was produced here on the 15th, under the direction of the composer, and was received with the warmest enthusiasm.

REYNOLDS *versus* HULLAH, HOWELL, AND HEADLAND.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I must trouble you with a few remarks on your criticism of my pamphlet relative to Messrs. Hullah and Howell; which criticism appeared in your paper of November 22nd, and for which I sincerely thank you.

You appear to have mistaken the meaning of that portion of my letter to Mr. Hullah, wherein I speak of the engagements I had to relinquish in order to attend his rehearsal and performance. You seem to look upon it as exhibiting "a practical reason for not complying with the demand upon my gratuitous labours;" thereby leading your readers to imagine that I was prompted to oppose the proposed "gift" by a very natural and proper anxiety to be rewarded for my services; whereas the object of the passage referred to (which, fortunately, you place before your readers) was to prove that such was not my aim: that "it was the principle that I contended against," and against the principle alone; for, having given up the two engagements, all that I should have had to do would have been to go to Mr. Headland and inform him that I had given up 13s. 4d. in order to attend Mr. Hullah's performance, when he would have immediately handed over to me my salary, and no angry feeling would have existed.

Then you accuse me of "rating in set terms the offending contrabassist." Now, I find, in a much esteemed dictionary, the verb "to rate" thus defined: "to chide hastily and vehemently," ("chiding" meaning "clamouring, scolding, quarrelling with.") As samples, then, of my hastily and vehemently chiding, clamouring, scolding and quarrelling, take the following extracts from my letter to Mr. Howell. I tell him that "such is the opinion I entertain of his justice and good sense," that I was "convinced I should have been able very easily" to convince him of the impropriety of his proposition. I tell him I was sure that it was "the sincere respect he entertains for Mr. Hullah," "the regret he experienced at Mr. Hullah's loss," and "the belief that all the other members of the orchestra participated with him" in his respect and regret, which caused him to act as he did. Then I express my conviction that he was not influenced in the matter by "such an unworthy consideration" as that of personal gain; and I conclude my letter with these words: "Look at it how we will, Sir, it is a most unjust proceeding, and one which, I am sure, both you and Mr. Hullah will condemn when you come to reflect upon its nature and tendency." At all events, it was my intention to have written a very respectful letter to Mr. Howell; and it was, and still is, my firm belief, that I did write a most respectful letter to him. As it is your intention to "resume the question next Saturday," you would greatly oblige me by informing me what it is that you look upon as "rating" in my letter to Mr. Howell.

With regard to the "bit" of rough logic I shall say no more than this (I not professing to be a logician): the logic was sufficiently smooth to convince the reader of the justice of my argument—and that was all I aimed at.

Then you appear to consider that it was my love of letter-writing, and my pugnacious disposition, which led me to "bombard Mr. Secretary Headland with a letter of formidable dimensions"—(not two pages.) Now, oblige me by reading that letter once more, and say if you really think it contains one word which the circumstances in which I was then placed did not render absolutely necessary. And permit me to inform you that, so far from "being fond of letter-writing," few of the duties of life cause me more annoyance than that of writing a letter.

The expressions, "so large a sum as 15s.," and "to be used at that gentleman's (Mr. Headland's) discretion, for charitable purposes," are apt to lead your readers to imagine that I considered I was performing a most noble and charitable action in thus devoting the 15s., due to me by Mr. Hullah. Such was not the case. I merely desired it to be so disposed in order that Messrs. Hullah and Headland should be convinced that I was actuated by principle, not by selfishness. I should have acted and spoken in the same manner had the sum been but sixpence.

Then, although you "wholly concur with the principle" advocated by me, you are of opinion that I did not go "the right way to enforce it." Now, it is my opinion, that I not only went the right way to enforce that principle, but that I went the only way which was at all likely to lead to its general adoption.

Thanking you, Sir, in the name of the profession, for your advocacy of the cause of justice, and, on my own part, for your kind attention to

the well-intended, though illiterate, production of my pen, I shall conclude by subscribing myself your obedient servant,

Library, Church Row, Aldgate,
Nov 25th, 1856.

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

[And yet Mr. Reynolds is not partial to that "duty of life" which involves the act of "writing a letter." We have inserted the above, as we do not wish the author (whose sense of irony would appear somewhat dead,) to imagine that we would willingly misrepresent his meaning; but we shall not be able to find space for any more communications on the same subject.—Ed. M. W.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ORGANIST.—*The organ at Lincoln's Inn will be noticed when our special contributor has convinced the Leeds Times of its errors.*

[The following letter has been sent to the Office of the *Musical World*]:

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

MR. EDWARD J. LODER has been suffering for some time from a severe mental illness, which has incapacitated him from pursuing his profession. The doctors hold out every hope of his ultimate recovery, but in the meantime he is without the means of support.

A few friends have commenced a subscription to aid him until able to resume his professional avocations. The co-operation of the musical profession is earnestly solicited. Any contributions will be thankfully received by the following gentlemen, who will afford the requisite information to shew the necessity of this appeal:—

MESSRS. ADDISON AND HOLLIER, Regent Street.

„ BOOSEY AND SONS, Holles Street.

DEATH.

On the 26th inst., Louisa, third daughter of the late Mr. Richard Binfield, of Reading.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1856.

THE Society of British Musicians was instituted, more than twenty years ago, with a particular object. That particular object was to give our young composers a chance of hearing their own works at trials and rehearsals, and of having them publicly performed. By the first they were to gain experience, by the last notoriety. The object was a good one, but was speedily lost sight of.

After an appeal to which the public responded with great warmth, and consequently a season successful both in an honorary and pecuniary sense, the constitution of the new society was disturbed; and before long it was transformed into a society for the benefit of the purely executive class—singers, players upon instruments, and more especially orchestral performers. This was equally a good thing in its way; but it had nothing whatever to do with the first scheme; and, as might naturally be expected, dissensions arose. The composers were of one mind (particularly those not players in the bargain); instrumental performers were of another; and singers were indifferent to the pretensions of either and both. This could not last long.

Soon the Society of British Musicians split into factions; influential members retired, one by one, from its ranks; and, after a period of impotent struggling against inevitable decay, the institution dwindled down into what

it has remained for many years past—a snug quartet-party, meeting half-a-dozen times annually, in an out-of-the-way harp-saloon, and about whose proceedings the musical world at large is wholly careless.

Our readers may be puzzled to guess what has led to this untimely *oraison funèbre* upon the Society of British Musicians, which, although three-quarters paralysed, and utterly helpless for good or for evil, has still a flicker of life in it. They will understand when we refer them to the pamphlet by Mr. Reynolds, which was noticed in our leading columns last week, and about which we have nothing more to say at present.* How is it that our orchestral performers are no better off than when they first upset, for their own imaginary benefit, the original constitution of the society? How, indeed, is it that they are rather worse off than better?—that they get fewer engagements and lower terms?—that bare existence is now a struggle to many of them (to the majority we fear)?—and that, with some few creditable exceptions, unnecessary to signalise more plainly, they are the mere tools of speculators—the slaves of hard and heartless task-masters?

The answer is clear. They have themselves to thank. Had they allowed the acorn to grow into the oak; had they generously aided the young society, instead of selfishly sowing the seed of discord among its members, they might by this time have possessed a stronghold which would have sheltered them at need, but which few of them are now likely ever to behold. There was not one, it seems, to recite for their consideration the fable of the bundle of sticks. They quarrelled among themselves, divided, and committed moral suicide. There is no knowing into what the Society of British Musicians might have expanded, had it been properly tended and fostered by those whose especial interest it was to see it prosper. But the cooks were too many; and instead of roasting the sirloin, they set about basting each other!

We should be charmed to think that there was any possible method of raising the condition of our orchestral performers. But at present we see none. Clubs and other expedients have from time to time been proposed, and abandoned as impracticable almost as soon as suggested. There must be something in the orchestral element inimical to union. Why should not a society be projected for the establishment of a tariff of prices, to which—and this would be imperative—only competent artists would be eligible? If such a body was instituted, no competent performer on any instrument need give his services for less (to adopt a minimum) than a guinea, at a concert or other musical entertainment. The dramatic authors and operatic composers have a protective society; why not the orchestral players? We do not wish to stir up (just now) the stale question of the exorbitant terms demanded by singers, terms which, being paid, must either leave the members of the orchestra to starve, or the management to be ruined, unless—as in the instance of a great theatre at the present moment—the alternative of having a totally inadequate band be resorted to. No one will be inclined to deny that good music on a grand scale is impossible without a strong and efficient orchestra. What reason, then, can be morally or logically adduced why an element so essential should not be purchased at its proper value? We shall never be persuaded that the services of any one singer (not to say of any two, or even three singers) can be equivalent to the

* Mr. Reynolds—to speak in metaphor—has garrotted us.

services of an entire body of players, each a master of his particular instrument; and the less so since—however great the endowments, however wide the popularity, of the singer—an opera without an orchestra is impossible, and the unassisted tones of the vocalist would be of scarcely more avail than the feats and postures of a dancer who ventured on a *pas seul* without music. In this instance Jenny Lind and Carlotta Grisi would be much in the same predicament—almost equally bound to admit that the harmony of the orchestra is the atmosphere from which they draw breath, and without which the one would be comparatively speechless, the other utterly motionless. Fancy, reader, the *scena* in *Der Freischütz*, or the *Truandaise* in *Esmeralda*, to an empty orchestra! Were such an eventuality at hand, there would soon be an end to trills and pirouettes; Euterpe and Terpsichore would lose their occupation, and be Muses to no purpose. Orchestral players, then, should know their value; unite; consider their position, and act upon it discreetly and honestly, openly and without compromise.

MISS DOLBY commenced her usual series of winter *Soirées Musicales* on Tuesday evening, at her residence, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square. She was assisted by Miss Amy Dolby, Mrs. Tennant; Messrs. Tennant, H. Barnby, H. Blagrove, Lucas, Heinrich Bohrer, and Lindsay Sloper. These entertainments (like the accomplished lady who instituted them) appear to have lost none of their attraction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Händel's *Solomon* was performed last night at Exeter Hall. The principal singers were Mad. Rudersdorf, Miss Sherrington, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Montem Smith and Thomas. Mr. Costa conducted. The hall was crowded.

MADAME OURY has announced two *Séances Musicales* to take place at her residence in the course of December. The performances will be devoted exclusively to classical modern pianoforte music.

SCENE FROM AN UNWRITTEN DRAMA.

((Office of La France Musicale.))

Enter *due Fanatici per la musica di Verdi*.

1ST FAN.—“Have you heard *Il Traviatore*?”

2ND FAN.—“No; but I have heard *La Traviata*.”

1ST FAN.—“Have you heard *Rinani*?”

2ND FAN.—“No; but I have heard *Ergoletto*.”

[*Esceunt* (severally) *due fanatici per la musica di Verdi*.]

A TREMENDOUS MUSICAL PUN.

(From *Punch*)

“In an article on the *Children of Great Men* in a well-known periodical, we have stumbled over the following paragraph:—

“The most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach* (Brook) as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs (Brooks).”

“We think we may call the above instance of assiduity the longest game at leap-frog that was ever played in the world. Fancy Genius leaping perseveringly ‘over three hundred Bachs’ (Brooks), regularly one after another, until at last it came, panting and out of breath, to Jean Sebastian.† No wonder it alighted, as it did, on his shoulders, for Genius must have been fairly tired of clearing so many ‘Bachs’ (Brooks), without finding a suitable resting-place where it would worthily settle.”

* Bach is the German for brook.—ED. M. W.

† Sebastian, according to some curious authorities, is an epithet, of which, with reference to the substantive *Bach* (brook), ‘shurly’ is a burlesque synonyme.—ED. M. W.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The attraction of these entertainments becomes greater and greater as they draw towards a close. “The appetite grows with what it feeds on.” They are now about to enter on their fourth week, and their vogue increases instead of diminishing. This cannot be attributed to the novelty of the performances so much as to their general excellence. M. Jullien knows the force of a good thing, and when it “takes” he is cautious in withdrawing it. The *Trovatore* selection,* with its magnificent solo displays, being approved of, was retained in the bills for a fortnight, as were other popular pieces. These gave way to *morceaux* only which M. Jullien had reason to suppose would become equally great favourites. The “selection” from *La Traviata* was, for many reasons, a judicious substitute for that from *Il Trovatore*. In this, M. Jullien has produced one of his most pleasing orchestral *pots-pourri*. With the exception of the duet, “Parigi, o cara,” all the most familiar airs have been retained and variously distributed as instrumental solos, etc. Among the most striking we should name “Ah, forse è lui,” by M. Lavigne, on the oboe—a really inimitable performance; the air for barytone, “Di Provenza il mar, il sol,” by Mr. Hughes, on the ophicleide—almost as admirable; “Un di felice,” by Herr Koenig, cornet; and the bravura, “Sempre libera,” by M. Le Hon, on the violin. The *brindisi*, “Libiamo, libiamo,” by MM. Duhem (trumpet) and Hughes (ophicleide), with chorus, is also effective, and the chorus also are well employed in the *finale* to the second act. M. Jullien has arranged the melodies of *La Traviata* in his accustomed effective manner.

One of the most crowded audiences of the season, was that of Monday night, when Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance at these concerts. She played Moscheles’ “Recollections of Ireland,” and Listz’s “Patineurs Fantasia.” The former is one of the most admirable, pure fantasias ever written for the pianoforte with orchestra, and is too much neglected by modern pianists, who prefer compositions of far less sterling merit. The effect Miss Goddard produced was what she has been habituated to, and the demonstration after the “Last rose of summer,” which she played most exquisitely, was warm and unanimous. The difficulties to be surmounted in the *fantasia* of Dr. Liszt, on themes in the skating scene of Meyerbeer’s *Prophète*, are *hors ligne*, but were mastered with incomparable ease by Miss Goddard, who judiciously abridged the *morceau*, which, with all its brilliancy, is lengthy and prolix. The audience were enchanted with both performances, and recalled Miss Goddard after Listz’s piece with enthusiasm.

On Tuesday evening, Miss Juliana May—styled in the programmes “*prima donna* from the Grand Opera House at Verona”—made her first appearance before an English audience. The lady, who, we believe, comes from America, as yet has no pretensions to be called a “*prima donna*.” Miss May possesses a high *soprano* voice pleasing in quality, extremely pure in the upper register, clear, liquid, and apparently flexible, but certainly not strong. She wants self-reliance, which is as much as to say she lacks experience. She sang the *brindisi*, from Donizetti’s *Betty* and “*Ernani involami*” from Verdi’s *Ernani*. The former was ill chosen, not being suited either to the lady’s voice, or to her style of singing. She was encored, nevertheless, and repeated the air again. We were more pleased with the air from *Ernani*, which, though altogether wanting in force and expression, displayed the purity of the upper tones of the voice to very great advantage, and justified the belief that Miss Juliana May, with study and perseverance, may be capable of much better things.

Miss Dolby, having recovered from her recent indisposition, re-appeared on Wednesday evening and charmed her hearers in Balfe’s charming setting of Longfellow’s words, “The green trees whispered low and mild,” which obtained a loud and general encore.

Miss Arabella Goddard re-appeared on Thursday, and played the same *morceaux* with even greater success, the “*Patineurs*” being encored with the utmost enthusiasm.

A new quadrille by Balfe, founded on the subject of his Longfellow songs, is in rehearsal, and will be shortly produced.

* Transplanted from the Surrey Gardens.

MR. SIMS REEVES IN DUBLIN.

THE announcement of Mr. Harris's concerts created no small amount of pleasing anticipation amongst all the musical circles in Dublin. The pure and brilliant tones of Mr. Sims Reeves' matchless tenor were heard on the evening of the 12th inst. by a vast audience, which filled to its uttermost extent the Rotundo Round Room. The concert opened with a duett by Nicolai, "O du geliebte," which was admirably sung by Mr. and Madame Weiss. Mr. Allen Irving, a high barytone, sang the cavatina "Il balen," from *Il Trovatore*. Madame Enderssohn next came forward and sang Balfé's aria, "O'er my heart still fondly waking," with much sweetness and pleasing effect. Mr. Sims Reeves then came out to sing the celebrated "Fra poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. His reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. We have often heard him sing, and sing his best, before now, but it seemed to us as if his superb voice had gained in richness, resonance, and power, since we last enjoyed his performance in Dublin. He was rapturously encoored, and he repeated the latter part of the scena with renewed and vehement applause. He was also encoored in the ballad, "My pretty Jane," which he sang to his own pianoforte accompaniment with inimitable taste and sweetness. In the second part of the concert he sang with Madame Enderssohn the duet from *La Traviata*, "Parigi o cara," in a style which drew forth unanimous plaudits; but his version of Braham's "Death of Nelson" was distinguished by beauty of expression and a grandeur of vocal effect such as we confess we have never heard exceeded, or perhaps equalled. The term so often used of *furor* will scarcely express the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Reeves was called forth again, but the audience seemed to feel that it was too much to expect the repetition of such an effort, and the courteous bow of the great tenor was replied to by renewed applause. Amongst the other good things of the concert, we may mention the song of the "Village Blacksmith," by Mr. Weiss—"Bonnie Prince Charlie," by Madame Enderssohn—the aria, "Selva opaca," from *Guillaume Tell*, by Madame Weiss—a trio from *Don Giovanni*, by Madame and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Irving—and another trio by the same, from *La Gazza Ladra*. This truly brilliant entertainment concluded with the National Anthem. The conductor was Mr. O'Rourke. No pains were spared to render the audience comfortable; and we were glad to perceive our old friend and favourite, Dr. Joy, officiating as *impresario*.—*Freeman's Journal*.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. ALBERT SMITH is not only the most active and indefatigable of *entrepreneurs*, but also the most vigilant and discriminating; he knows not only what to provide for the amusement of the public, and what is requisite to make it palatable even to the least easily satisfied, but possesses the rare virtues of prudence and forbearance, knowing exactly how far to go, and when to stop. Thus, surmising that it was possible the section of his entertainment which comprised a description of the "Ascent of Mont Blanc," might have somewhat faded in attraction—more indeed through the frequent excursions up the mountain by late aspiring tourists than through any lack of interest—he has withdrawn it from the present version, so that the "Ascent" is now merely indicated by a series of *tableaux*. The vivid description which Mr. Albert Smith has so often given of his perilous adventure is, however, recalled to memory by the graphic pencil of Mr. Beverley. The Mont Blanc Entertainment is divided into three parts; the first and third are familiar, and include, in the former, the route up the Rhine from Cologne to Basle, and, in the latter, the journey from the Lake of Geneva to Boulogne. The second part is entirely new, and introduces the visitor to Baden-Baden, initiating him in all the characteristics of that busy and enchanting resort. The descriptions of the various localities are picturesque and forcible. The *table d'hôte* at the Badischen-Hof is one of Mr. Albert Smith's best sketches, and the Huckleberrys, Baulker, Spong, Mrs. Sims, Baby Simmons, and Brown, jun., are all equally natural and entertaining. Brown, jun., is a highly amusing personage, and his song, "The young

English traveller," is in its way irresistible. Many, doubtless, will be most taken with the "Visit to Baden Fair," in which Mr. Albert Smith shines forth the veritable "showman." The voyage of the German Punch, Kasperl, to America, with pictures, is exceedingly happy, and the Cheap Jack inimitable. The account of the play-tables, *rouge-et-noire*, and the Chances of Brown, "Mossoo," and Company, is also in the lecturer's happiest vein. On the whole, the scenes and personages at Baden cannot fail to enlist universal favour.

The season opened on Monday night, and, as usual, the crowd exceeded the accommodation. The interior of the room has been cleaned and renovated, and sundry additions have been made to the ornaments and decorations. Mr. Albert Smith was welcomed with the heartiest cheers, and addressed his patrons in that easy off-hand manner which is the very antithesis to the "slow;" and, as it declares a confidence on the entertainer in the goodwill of the audience to be entertained, and of his own ability to entertain them, seldom or never fails of its effects. This dual faith in the public and in himself is indeed one of the secrets of his unprecedented success.

DRURY LANE.

WE have nothing new to record of the Italian company this week, except the first appearance of Herr Reichardt on Thursday as Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*. Unfortunately, Mad. Gassier was too ill to sing, and, no other performance being possible at the moment, a young lady, Mdle. Leonti, who had never been on the stage before, most courageously volunteered to play Rosina. The young lady was entitled to the utmost forbearance under the circumstances, and received it from the audience, who behaved gallantly. Of Mdle. Leonti it is impossible to speak. She was so nervous that she could scarcely sing or articulate a word. She is highly interesting and lady-like in appearance, and her looks and deportment at once enlisted universal sympathy. We learn that in private she charms everybody with her voice and singing, and that her incompetency on Thursday night is entirely attributable to fear.

Herr Reichardt is heard to great advantage in Rossini's music, more especially in the florid style of the master's earlier operas. The flexibility of his voice was abundantly shown in his performance of the tenor part in *Tancredi* at Her Majesty's Theatre last season. But the music of the *Barbiere* is far beyond that of *Tancredi*, and Herr Reichardt's singing rises in proportion. His voice is peculiarly adapted to tender melodies, and as these abound in Rossini's masterpieces, perhaps no part is better suited to him, vocally speaking, than Count Almaviva. His singing is characterised by invariable finish, and his style is graceful and natural. He has a good *mezzo voce*, and his taste is undeniable. With so many recommendations, Herr Reichardt cannot fail to prove an acquisition to the company, and as he is master both of the German and Italian repertoires, he will be doubly useful. Herr Reichardt's next appearance will be as Florestan in *Fidelio*, a part which he played with remarkable success some years since at the same theatre, under Mr. Jarrett's direction. He is also announced for Raoul in the *Huguenots*, another of his most popular parts. His performance of Count Almaviva, on Thursday evening, was entirely successful. The rest of the characters were well sustained—M. Gassier being Figaro; Herr Formes, Don Basilio; and Sig. Rovere, Doctor Bartolo.

A word must suffice to chronicle the appearance of Signor Volpini as Edgardo, in *Lucia*, which took place on Wednesday. In his last character, the new tenor did not exhibit any very new feature either in his acting or singing to induce us to qualify our first impression. Madame Gassier sang the music of Lucy with great brilliancy, and M. Gassier was extremely effective in Enrico.

DRAMATIC.—A new farce, called *Jones the Avenger*, taken from the French piece, *Le Massacre d'un Innocent*, was produced on Monday, and has proved another triumph for Mr. Robson. Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as they were, and Maids as they are*, was also produced the same night.—At the Lyceum, *Fabian*; or, *La Misalliance*, continues a highly successful career. A new

"original English play," to be called *The Cagot*, is in rehearsal.—*The Honeymoon* was revived at the Haymarket, on Wednesday, for Miss Talbot's benefit, Mr. Murdoch appearing as Duke Aranza, and Miss Talbot, Juliana.

REVIEWS.

"A CHORAL BOOK"—containing a selection of tunes employed in the English Church, newly harmonised for four voices and organ, by Henry Smart.

EVERY singing-master of any note thinks it indispensable at one period of his career to compile and publish a vocal "method." This, however, is not nearly so great a nuisance as the "Tune-Book" mania. Not only our organists of reputation, but even our clergymen, think it necessary to prepare "psalmodes" of their own, supposed (by themselves) to possess qualities that entitle them to a place apart from the rest. We should not be surprised if, one fine day, the "*Sexton's*" or the "*Beadle's Tune Book*" were to appear, nor to find in it fewer commonplaces than in one half of the books of congregational psalmody which have appeared within the last quarter of a century. If anyone has a prescriptive right, however, to come forward with a special psalm-book, it is Mr. Henry Smart, who is not only a first-rate organist, but a first-rate musician, and enjoys large and long experience in such matters. He need not fear the rivalry of sexton or beadle, however enthusiastic, zealous, and meddling. What induced Mr. Henry Smart to undertake his *Choral Book* may be best explained in his own words:—

"At the commencement of the year 1848, the congregation of St. Luke's Church, desirous of some better performance of the musical portion of the service than is ordinarily found in the parish churches of London, instructed me to take the necessary steps towards the formation of a choir. A very early question for my decision was as to the amount and kind of music to be sung under this state of things. It seemed to me that, although the service might be, to a great extent, what is termed 'choral,' it should not, on that account, cease to be congregational. We might, for instance, advantageously adopt much of the cathedral usage—such as singing the responsive parts of the service, and chanting the Canticles and Psalms of the day—in which the congregation would speedily learn to take part, and we might even have an Anthem in the place allotted to it in the Prayer Book; but we must, notwithstanding, retain the *Metrical Psalmody*, if we would not both destroy a characteristic feature of the Parochial Service, and deny to the people a kind of music which, according to my experience, and in spite of some modern notions on the subject, they certainly sing, when favourably circumstanced, with more zeal and effect than any other. Having decided on the maintenance of *Metrical Psalmody*, my great difficulty was in selecting an arrangement of tunes for the use of my choir. I may have been fanciful or hypercritical, but I must confess that, after making an extensive acquaintance with books of the sort, I found none entirely to suit my purpose. Most, doubtless, had merits to recommend them for their peculiar objects; but it was not in accordance with the views I have always held on the matter, to adopt the pretty glee-like harmonisation of some, or the Gothic severity of 'note against note'—both tiresome to the singer and not necessarily of devotional character—found in others. I, therefore, as many have done before, determined to arrange a *Tune-Book* for myself, and hoped—as, doubtless, did my predecessors—to advance Parochial Psalmody one step, at least, in the right direction."

The result, it appears, was so satisfactory, that—"added to the kind solicitations of many friends," &c.—it led to the publication of the work, in order that St. Luke's might not be the only gainer by its contents. We are glad to have to welcome something healthy and fresh in what we have long been obliged to regard as a used-up field, which no kind of manuring, however ingenious, could ever again render fertile. In his selection of the 62 tunes which make up his volume, Mr. Smart has displayed the taste that might have been expected from a gentleman of his known judgment and experience; while the style of their harmonisation does not less realise the anticipations which the great musical proficiency of the author would have justified. Mr. Smart has avoided (to employ the language of his preface) "the pretty glee-like harmonisation" of one party and "the Gothic severity of note against note" of another; and we cannot but applaud the wisdom of a decision which alike rejects the

platitudes of insipid moderns and the pedantry of blind past-worshippers. With regard to the general plan of his work let Mr. Smart once more speak for himself, since what he advances is concise and to the purpose:

"The object has been, not to accumulate the greatest possible number, but to present a fair selection of ordinary and useful tunes, put into the best shape I could devise for choral and congregational purposes. Many of the melodies have been, probably, much corrupted by long use. The extent to which they are impure, however, would be now very difficult to ascertain; and I have, therefore, taken the least objectionable versions I could procure, that were at the same time, at all reconcilable with the prevailing traditional habit of singing them. There are, also, several melodies in this collection of which I by no means approve; but since, in spite of their demerits, it seems probable that they will always continue in congregational use, I thought it best to admit them—clothed, however, in such a style of harmony as might, in some degree, compensate for their original meanness or triviality of character. The number of absolutely new tunes is very small, being limited to two, composed by a former pupil of mine, Mr. Aspinall, of Bolton (and which, for their musical merit, and the scarcity of good tunes in their peculiar metres, are well worthy a place in any collection), and two or three contributions of my own composed to metres at the present very scantily provided with appropriate melodies. The tunes marked as *German Melodies* are taken—with certain slight, though necessary, alterations—from 371 *Vierstimmige Choralgesänge* of Sebastian Bach.

"Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. Their use, at the organist's discretion, will be found of service in the progress of a long psalm, not only as affording relief to the ear, but as a means of following, in some degree, such variety of sentiments as may exist in the words. A few of the melodies appear in a third shape—namely, sung in unison and octave by the choir, and supported by an independent organ-part; and from this mode of treatment, judiciously applied, the *choral* will be found to yield some of the finest effects of which it is capable. It would have been impossible to have given this triple form to every tune (even if all were properly susceptible of it) without unduly swelling the bulk of the volume. The examples given are, therefore, rather offered as practical hints to organists who may feel disposed to carry out the suggestion. With the same view I have inserted, at the end of the book, an example of four methods of 'giving out' a psalm tune—the object in all being to keep the melody palpably distinct under whatever form of accompaniment.

"The organ-part, throughout, it will be seen, is not simply a compression of the vocal score. It will serve as a guide to the less experienced class of organists as to what additional notes can be advantageously introduced in accompaniment without damage to the progress of the vocal harmony. No further explanation is necessary as to this organ-part, except that the *pedals* are to be employed throughout, either as an independent part (as happens in a few places) or in doubling the lowest notes of the bass staff."

With the doctrine of admitting bad melodies, because they are always likely to "continue in congregational use," we cannot agree—since it upsets Mr. Smart's theory of progress altogether. Either the author of the *Choral Book* is a teacher, or he is nothing; and if in his teaching he winks at corrupt examples, he forgets the importance of his office. For our own parts, we think a large majority of the tunes accepted as models in our English metrical psalmody are but sorry stuff ("either sad or silly," as the *Athenaeum* would say); but Mr. Smart, like other labourers in the same vineyard, is evidently not of that opinion, and rather exults in the imaginary wealth of melody at the disposal of our conventicles. On this point we refrain from arguing; but we cannot, in strict justice, admit of anything like coquetting with what is avowedly objectionable. At any rate, Mr. Smart should have pointed out the tunes of which he "by no means approves," in order that others might be enabled to judge how far he has really "compensated for their original meanness and triviality" by his own patent harmonic clothing.

Among the new tunes in the *Choral Book* there is a very good one, by Mr. Aspinall (a former pupil of the author's), entitled "Bolton;" but this is rendered weak by the harmony of bar 6, where the full close on the tonic (F major) appears in such a manner as to spoil its effect at the end. The other tune of Mr. Aspinall (in E flat), entitled "Farnworth," is not so frank in a rhythmical sense; but the harmony is finer, and there is no such feeble anticipation of the full close in its second section.

Without, however, entering into a detailed description of the various tunes, we may mention, among the so-called "German melodies" (from Bach's *Vierstimmige Choralgesänge*, or four-part choral songs), the one called "Fribourg," which is very striking in both the harmonic dresses under which Mr. Smart has presented it. In bars 7-8 of this the harmony of the two is worth comparing. That of page 46 is in the Bach style; that of page 47 is more in Mr. Smart's manner; and yet—without, of course, making any comparison between the living Englishman and the dead giant of Leipsic—we should almost prefer the harmony of the latter—in this particular case be it understood—but for the hidden octaves between melody and bass (bar 7, first two chords), which have been, oddly enough, overlooked. From the tunes wholly new to us we would point to "Blackburn," (page 53)—to be sung to the 110th Psalm—as a decided beauty, both of melody and harmony.

We must, however, desist. The analysis of every tune would be an agreeable though unnecessary task; but it is enough, in conclusion, to state that we have never before read through a collection of harmonised psalm tunes with such interest; and we should indeed be sorry to think that any well-intending, music-loving organist, once acquainted with Mr. Smart's *Choral Book*, could hesitate for one instant in giving it a preference over all its predecessors.

"HANDBOOK FOR THE ORATORIOS"—"Messiah"—arranged from Mozart's score; by John Bishop, of Cheltenham.

This is an abridgement of another edition of the same work. The appendix is omitted. All the rest remains in *statu quo*; and as *The Messiah* is performed in general at the present time, here we have it—compressed into vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment. Its utility is undeniable; and its extraordinary cheapness (2s. for 200 pages of music), added to its genuine value as a reduction from the score suited to ordinary capacities, authorises us in recommending it strongly.

"THE CAPTIVE OF AGINCOURT."—The Poetry translated from the French of Charles Duke of Orleans (A. D. 1415), by Louisa Stuart Costello. The music by G. A. Macfarren.

This ballad has gained considerable and well-merited popularity through the public singing of Mdme. Clara Novello. It is exceedingly unpretending; but, like all the trifles of its composer, it shows the hand of a musician, as well in the graceful flow of its melody as in the perfect neatness and propriety of its accompaniment. The words, and their origin, have more than once been described.

"LA BELLE ORIENTALE."—Quadrille; "LA COQUETTE."—Schottische; "LA TROMPETTE."—Polka. Composed by Antony Lamotte.

M. Lamotte's dance music will find one recommendation with connoisseurs; it is remarkably well-written—better indeed than ordinary dance-music for the pianoforte in nine cases out of ten. On the score of originality, however, there is not much to say. The third figure in the quadrille, *La Belle Orientale*, is extremely graceful. *La Coquette* would be, and is indeed, a perfect Schottische; but as the subject (M. Lamotte does not conceal it) is entirely Mozart's (from *Zauberflöte*), we are scarcely justified in giving the arranger any credit on its account. *La Trompette* is a spirited polka. What chiefly puzzles us, however, is to find these bagatelles written with such correctness that not a single bar of any of the tunes is without the precise harmony that belongs to it. As much can be said of very few compositions of the sort.

BRISTOL.—On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Isaac Snary gave a Farewell Concert at the Athenæum. He was supported by Mrs. Snary and Mrs. Pyne, and by Messrs. Merrick, Pyne, and J. Smith. Mr. W. E. Salmon also favoured the audience with a solo on the violoncello, comprising popular airs from the *Bohemian Girl*. The programme consisted of glees, songs, and concerted pieces. Encores were plentiful, and among them we may

specify "The magic wave scarf" (Barnett), by Messrs. Merrick and Snary, and Mrs. Pyne; and Mozart's *terzetto*, "My sweet Dorabella," by Messrs. Merrick, Snary, and Smith. Mrs. Pyne was encored in "Gin a body meet a body." An air from *La Favorita* was also given with energy and taste by Mr. Merrick. The encore was unanimous, but, instead of repeating the song, Mr. Merrick gave "Come, O Sleep" (Garry). Mr. Snary sang in his own manner, two ballads, "There's no pang," and "When o'er the mountain day is beaming," and was much applauded. The Hall was crowded—which may be accepted by Mr. Snary as an expression of the general desire that he may be prosperous in his new engagement at Winchester Cathedral.—*Bristol Advertiser*, Nov. 22.

MOZART'S "COSI FAN TUTTE."*

Dresden, 10th November.

Idomeneo was revived a few years ago in Dresden, and now, very lately, *Così fan Tutte* has alighted, like a phoenix, upon the repertory. Thus the complete number constituting the Pleiades of Mozart's classical operas is shining on us. This has at last been rendered possible since we have possessed Mad. Bürde-Ney, whose voice we must call a heroic-soprano, first, because she overcomes every task, however difficult, and, secondly, because, with the said voice, she has won back for us the above operas. This, also, justifies us in hoping for the re-appearance of Gluck. Meanwhile we rejoice at what we actually possess, and, as we have already had an opportunity of giving an account of *Idomeneo*, we will now speak of *Così fan Tutte*. The text of this opera, which has long been condemned by the critics, has, it is true, not become any better; it is shallow and insipid, but still it is not pretentious, while, in many of our modern operas, the elements of insipidity and shallowness are draped with dramatic tatters, or an attempt is made to rouge them up poetically, and this only renders them more repulsive; consequently, although, on the whole, the text must be condemned, the music belonging to it is still nectar and ambrosia, by which whatever is unpalatable in the text is not alone simply rendered palatable, but really altogether dissolved. Literally speaking, we are standing before a miracle of Mozart's creative power; for how would any one have ever thought it possible to compose such blameless music to a *libretto* which was less than mediocre? Whoever is not yet acquainted with this opera may, perhaps, fancy that under such unfavourable circumstances Mozart had endeavoured to extricate himself from his difficulty by adopting the same method as many Italian composers, who, very frequently, do not trouble themselves at all about the text, and express in their melodies something diametrically opposed to the meaning of the words accompanying them. But no, Mozart acted otherwise; and it is this very fact which is so wonderful. He painted into the clumsy sketch of the words with characteristic strokes and delicious colours, music exactly adapted to the given outlines, and yet infusing into them a very different substance. Out of the raw material furnished him, he sculptured a perfect full-length statue; on a parched and desert soil he conjured up a *fata morgana*. If you will not believe this, just think of genial singers, who, by their execution, lend importance to dull and unimportant songs—of genial actors, who raise a secondary part to one of high rank. This was exactly the case with Mozart, when he composed the music for *Così fan Tutte*, and a great many other things. Hence it comes that, in the present case, the actors seem to be entirely merged in the music, or, at least, that we completely lose sight of the coarse thread which serves to suspend so delicate a web. Considered apart, the action is something to the following effect: Two cavaliers, Ferrando and Guilelmo are betrothed to two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi. The lovers are enchanted with their fair ones, while an old friend, Alphonso, as the spirit of contradiction, doubts, once for all, woman's truth, and clings fast to the motto, *Così fan Tutte*. This gives rise to a wager between the three gentlemen. We see, moreover, the betrothed sisters happy, and busied in showing to each other and praising the portraits of their respective lovers, when the old Alphonso enters with the intelligence that the latter are obliged to take part in the war, and must depart. Hereupon the gentlemen themselves appear with long faces, which enable them, also, completely to deceive their future wives. The ladies sob out good bye, and look after them, when they are gone, with heartfelt glances and sorrow. When the

* Translated from the correspondence of the *Neiderrheinische Musikzeitung*.

sisters are left alone, they are seized with melancholy and despair, and we hear them lamenting to each other. Their waiting-maid, Despina, endeavours to console them with merry remarks, but they withdraw, full of grief, into their own rooms. Alphonso now comes, for the purpose of announcing to the girl the arrival of two strangers, intimate friends of his, and of begging for them a friendly welcome. Ferrando and Guilelmo, rendered as unrecognisable as possible, then appear, and the astonished Despina does not know whether she is to look upon them as pirates or something worse. A few pieces of gold, which she receives from them, quiet her, and, at the same time, Alphonso undertakes to initiate her in the scheme, and even assign her an active part. When the sisters again appear, the two gentlemen in disguise immediately make an attempt to carry their hearts by storm, but the ladies repel them with affright and indignation. On their second attack, however, when their new and supposed unhappy lovers pretend to engage, in the garden before the ladies' eyes, in a deadly struggle brought about by their broken hearts, a feeling of sympathy is excited, at first slight, but gradually growing stronger. The Doctor is sent for to save them. Despina appears, disguised in that character, and suddenly restores the dying men by the application of the magnet. The ladies now find it impossible to repress their sympathy, although their sense of honour is again offended by the unseemingly precipitate request of their new lovers for a kiss. Finally, however, Dorabella listens to Guilelmo's prayers, and Fiordiligi to those of Ferrando, though, at the commencement, Ferrando is Dorabella's lover, and Guilelmo, Fiordiligi's. Alphonso thus wins his bet, but immediately advises the indignant lovers to look upon the whole matter as a joke, repeating once more that *Così fan Tutte*. His advice is taken, and, everyone having laid aside his mask, the ladies, startled and ashamed, entreat forgiveness, which, after some delay, is accorded them, and a universal reconciliation takes place. From this coarsely-fashioned text-foundation, Mozart's genius gathered several hints for effecting some magnificent combinations. The music exhibits an uninterruptedly progressive intrigue, the thread of which is never snapt, while in the story we perceive merely a wearisome lie. A person must convince himself with his own ears of all the astounding conceits, and himself get soaked with this poetical shower, to believe it possible. The concerted pieces, of which there are a great number in the opera, are perfect models as regards the simultaneous representation of the most different characters and feelings—they are all groups of various persons and situations harmoniously united in one picture. In the first act, for instance, there are two farewell-quintets, almost close to each other, and yet there is no repetition in their phrases; they resemble each other only in their great musical value. In the sestet, Despina's part is the counter-movement to the parallels of the two other female voices, while Alphonso remains independent, by the side of the similar interests of the two lovers. A person hearing this opera must devote his undivided attention to it, in order not to lose anything, for it is one uninterrupted overflowing strain of humour, which finds utterance in witty phrases of the vocal parts and orchestra alternately. The various relations frequently run so quickly into each other, that it is a difficult task to retain them in one's mind, and, in many instances, wantonness personified seem to pervade all the instruments, and to move about to its heart's content, under the light curls of Grace. There is a perfect profusion of riches! In addition to this, over the whole is spread a harmonious charm, a romantic colouring, so that we cannot help feeling ourselves, without cessation, in some beautiful mental climate. Besides the greater concerted pieces, all the details of the opera are fresh, and full of important meaning, as, for instance, the charming duets of the two sisters, and their airs; the light but graceful ariettas of Despina; the delicious trio, between the two sisters and Alphonso; the laughing-trio of the gentlemen, etc. In musical treatment, there is a sisterly resemblance between *La Nozze di Figaro*, and *Così fan Tutte*, because, in the one as in the other, intrigue plays its sparkling game, and affords an opportunity for the most artistic concerted pieces. It cannot be denied, however, that, besides giving scope for far greater dramatic development and gradation, *Figaro* contains a greater change of situations for the concerted pieces; and, lastly, in the various airs, allows more leisure for the expression of depth of feeling and passion, of which neither the ear nor the soul can have sufficient.

The consideration of every one of Mozart's classical works leads to the same result—namely, that as a musical poet he is unsurpassed, and *Così fan Tutte*, especially, proves that he was able to compose magnificent music to a text compared to which *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, etc., are really poetical works of art.

L. NITZSCHE, née KINDSCHER.

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Translated from the German for *Dwight's Journal*.)

(Continued from p. 744.)

WITH the physical sufferings, which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of Rossini, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solennis*. The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet at the repetition the house was empty; it was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies. (Fudge!)

Beethoven had resolved to offer his *Missa Solennis* in manuscript to the European courts for the price of 50 ducats; but only the Emperor of Russia, and the kings of France, Prussia, and Saxony, accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Anton von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelleb, director of the Cæcilia Society in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the fifty ducats. But Beethoven decided, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription: *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*, upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to Cherubini upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his last sonatas and quartets he got from forty to eighty ducats; but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others, a Russian prince, Nicolaus von Gallitzen, in 1824, had ordered three quartets for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of 125 ducats; yet, after receiving the quartets, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behaviour of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before said, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2nd of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful protégé in an open carriage, because his brother Johann, at whose country seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wavrruch hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wavrruch in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to 100 florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to Moscheles in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of £100, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them farther should he be in need.*

* How much gave the wealthy and prosperous Moscheles?—
Ed. M. W.

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. Whatever he left behind him he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores he wrote with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly projected works, among others an oratorio, "The Triumph of the Cross," he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunderstorm, accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days: "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wavrch. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me: 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution!' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us—to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wavrch begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament, to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly: 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end; for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends: '*Plaudite amici, comædia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did not die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned, Stephen von Breuning, together with the music director, A. Schindler, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost innumerable multitude of men, of the most different conditions, followed the hearse in long procession from the house to the neighbouring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial-ground before the Währing line. There the actor Anschuetz pronounced a funeral discourse composed by Grillparzer. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory, and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his master-works resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches a visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly, almost entirely grey hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye in smiling drew back almost into his head; but suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all, and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visible inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral, or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But on the other hand, worldly prudence and knowledge of men were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light, or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognised his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

(To be continued.)

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